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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN
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Correspondence from particular farmers, giving the results of their experience, is solicited. Letters should be signed with the writer's real name, in full, which will be printed or not, as the writer may wish.
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AGRICULTURAL.

MANURE mixed with sawdust bedding is claimed to be excellent for celery.

A dressing of salt and plaster on newly made lawns will stimulate the growth of the various grasses.

TOMATO plants in vacant potato hills will put the land to good use, or cucumber seeds planted in the same place will occupy the land.

A MAMMOTH sunflower plant growing by each hill of beans will serve as a sort of bean pole and is better than no support for the plants.

A TABLESPOONFUL of saltpetre in a pailful of water applied a pint to each hill is a good remedy for squash and cucumber bugs. It is also a good fertilizer.

Cauliflower is very fond of water. It will thrive on moist land like that best adapted to cabbages. In Europe it is thought necessary to water a plant to produce a crop.

ASPARAGUS plants ought not to be cut later than June 20th. When early peas come on give the asparagus bed a rest. Let the stalks grow until November, then cut them and cover the bed with coarse manure.

Hot water applied carefully is a good insect killer. Applied to cabbages after their heads begin to form it kills the insects without harming the plants, but care must be used. Water which reaches the insects at 120 degrees will settle them. The same temperature or little higher will kill plant and tree lice.

BIRCHES make poor bean poles although commonly used for the purpose. Nothing is so durable as cedar. An oak sapling makes a good pole. A cedar pole six or eight feet long with the branches shortened from below upwards makes a good support for an ornamental vine making a pyramid shaped trellis.

Is transplanting a pail or bucket having a little water in the bottom should be taken to carry the plants in. The roots will absorb a good deal of water and will stand a drying air for some time after being set. If water is applied to the row it is better to use it before plants are set, to prevent formation of a crust.

Live on medium and heavy soils has a wonderful effect in stimulating the growth of clover. Those who doubt the effect of lime have only to glance at two adjoining fields known to the writer, both fields treated in exactly the same way and sown to clover and grasses, but one field was dressed with a ton of lime to the acre, and in that field the clover is three or four times more abundant and the total crop is much larger.

Onion Culture.

The onion crop should be frequently cultivated so that the surface is a layer of fine, soft, clean soil. The wheel hoe set to cut close to the plant will do this work to best advantage. Some hand pulling must be done. Cultivating can hardly be overdone. It is especially important to stir the soil after a rain. The hand weeding in a large field can best be done by boys, who must, however, be watched to be sure of thorough weeding. A good hand tool is a small triangular weeder. When the wheel hoe is used the blades which cut horizontally are best.

Squashes.

A squash grower who has good success in a small way digs holes for the hill with a hoe, six feet apart, makes the holes very large and fills them with manure, using a very liberal amount. Then he pours in a pail of water, draws six inches of earth over the manure and plants the seed, using about a dozen to a hill. When the plants begin to run he thins to two in a hill. These are sometimes grown in a potato field, two rows of potatoes between the rows of squashes. Then when the potatoes are dug the ground is very mellow and the squashes take root at every joint.

Tomatoes.

Choose mellow, warm soil for tomatoes. Prepare it well and mark off rows five feet apart.

Put one or two shovels full of rich well rotted manure to the hills three feet apart. Work some soil into the manure and set the plant a little deeper than it was in the hotbed. When the plants are home raised a good sized clod of earth can be retained about the roots and the growth need be checked but little. As soon as the growth starts, cultivate and keep the ground stirred as long as possible. H-n manure is an excellent fertilizer for tomatoes and peppers.

When the fruit sets the quality will be improved if it is thinned out by picking off the imperfect and deformed specimens. Pinching off the side shoots will also help improve the quality and earliness. In a small garden it is well to train the plant to a stake, but in the field it is hardly worth while.

In the Potato Field.

Labor is saved wonderfully by harrowing the field just as the plants are beginning to appear above ground, using a fine tooth harrow, or a coarser one having the teeth slanting backward. This plan will destroy all the weeds except deeply growing ones, such as witchgrass. A few potato sprouts will be broken, but not enough to be worth considering. If there is no suitable harrow a brush of birch will answer very well. This plan not only kills the weeds, but it stops the formation of a crust on the surface, and so favors the growth of the plants.

The next cultivation should be done with a fine tooth cultivator if the soil is mellow, but if it is hard use a cultivator with coarser teeth. The majority of the best growers practice flat cultivation, but hilling is generally practiced in southern New England, and is perhaps best adapted to hard, weedy land and a wet season. The second cultivation is followed by a shovel plow which throws up a ridge of soil each side of the row. This ridge of soil is then levelled with a hoe, filling in about the plants and smothering the smaller weeds.

Potatoes are sometimes grown under mulch, but the plan is hardly practical except in a garden. It is cheaper to cultivate than to get the hay or straw and apply it. A frequent use of the cultivator should be substituted as much as possible for hoeing. On clean land very little hand work need be done. Potato beetles should be watched closely lest they get a start and do a good deal of damage before the poison can take effect. Use one pound of Paris green to one hundred gallons of water, or, in small quantities, a teaspoonful to a com-

mon waerpail. Keep the liquid well stirred to prevent burning the vines. Scheele's green resembles Paris green, and is well liked. It costs less and being finer is more easily mixed with the water. Arsenate of lead is also well liked by some, using one to ten pounds to 150 gallons of water, or two spoonfuls to a pail. If the dry method is preferred, mix the Paris green with 100 times its weight of flour plaster or lime and apply with sieve so that it will show evenly over the leaves. The various makes of powder guns, for applying Paris green pure, are becoming quite popular.

Cheap Milk at a Profit.

Inquiries are still coming in concerning the article "From College to Farm," in which it is stated by Leigh Hunt that he could make a fair profit from milk at two and one-half to three cents a quart. Several correspondents have expressed doubt concerning figures and asked for details. Mr. Hunt kindly sends the following reply:

MR. HUNT'S REPLY.

The setting down of rules of action for a man who wishes to produce milk profitably at two and one-half to three cents per quart is not possible. First by this farming operation, so often left to the ignorant and shiftless is a many sided work, demanding for its successful conduct as large a man and as much business care, integrity and foresight as any mercantile business existing with same capital invested. I believe the successful farmer would have succeeded in nearly any business undertaking with one-half the fitting and experience it has required for his success in that field. Nine out of ten of the business men would have failed as farmers. What is termed "business ability" is the first item in the list to be rated as you please.

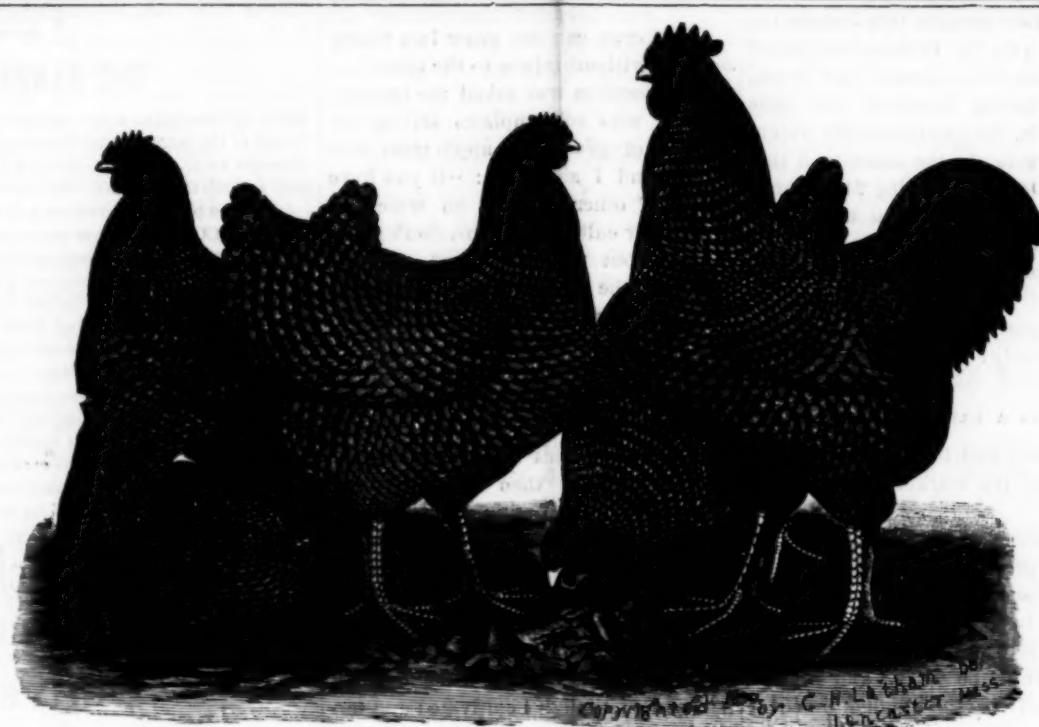
GOOD LOCATION.

The next most important of all considerations is choice of location. On land valued at \$200 or more per acre and taxes relatively light the venture is questionable. There are plenty of low priced lands where coarse hay is cheap and the land productive and capable of filling a good silo from reasonable acreage. And such places are also comparatively accessible to good markets. The sort of places which I have in mind may be worth from \$20 to \$30 per acre with reasonably good buildings. One place which I know and which my brother rents for \$2 per acre is a farm of 200 acres and for sale \$30—probably \$25 will buy it. The place will not keep 30 cows this year, but could and ought in a few years keep twice that number. Building in fair shape. There are for sale many others equally good. In looking for a place last fall I visited a number of such sufficiently near large markets to make such a work profitable.

Then having secured native endowments firstly and secondly the right location, the third requisite will be to properly equip the place. All the stock capable, after being deprived of all the roots and branches, of producing a magnificent root system and a top to correspond. The dwarf pear, the standard pear, German prune, and Early Richmond cherry came next in order, the latter making very little root development on the pruned trees.

Close Root Pruning.

Two trees each of standard pear, dwarf pear, cherry, prune, peach, and quince were close pruned, all but an inch or two of the roots and all of the top being removed, at the Indiana station. Two trees of each were pruned in the ordinary way. The trees were photographed before planting and were taken up and photographed after the season's growth. The result of this experiment showed that the peach was capable, after being deprived of all the roots and branches, of producing a magnificent root system and a top to correspond. The dwarf pear, the standard pear, German prune, and Early Richmond cherry came next in order, the latter making very little root development on the pruned trees.



PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

Dehorning Cattle.

Dehorning is to be recommended because dehorned cattle are more easily cared for than those with horns, and because dehorned cattle enjoy life better. "A great deal of suffering is prevented by the removal of horns."

The best time to dehorn cattle is during cold weather when there will be no trouble from flies.

To dehorn mature animals, clippers should be used that will remove the horn perfectly at a single stroke and in a moment of time.

With suitable clippers properly used, the operation is simple and very quickly performed.

When it is skillfully performed, animals do not give evidence of great suffering as an effect of dehorning. The tissues injured in dehorning are not very well supplied with nerves and they are quickly cut through. Good evidence is the fact that cattle will resume feeding immediately after being operated on, and the yield of milk in cows is not perceptibly affected. Compared with castration of colts and calves, dehorning may be considered painless.

Those who are familiar with the operation of dehorning and the results of it are its most enthusiastic advocates.

To prevent the growth of horns, calves under three weeks of age can have the embryo horns removed with one stroke of a sharp knife, or they can be treated with a caustic sufficiently powerful to destroy them.

Dehorning with potash is done by clipping the hair away from around the buttons, moistening the end of the potash slightly, and rubbing one embryo horn for four or five seconds, then moistening the potash again and rubbing the other horn in the same manner. Each horn should be thus treated four or five times. Four or five minutes time is required in dehorning a calf. Care should be taken not to have too much moisture about the potash as it might spread and remove the hair from too large a surface. The calf should be kept from getting wet during the next few days for the same reason. Healing soon follows the operation and smooth polls have resulted in every case.

In the past, efforts have frequently been made to prevent the practice of dehorning on the ground that it caused needless pain. It would seem to us that efforts can now better be expended by endeavoring to have the last relic of a horn removed from our domestic cattle, who ceased to need them when they came under the protection of man. Horns may sometimes be ornamental, but it is evident that they are usually useless, expensive and dangerous luxuries.—Maine Experiment Station record.

RUTABAGA may be sown any time until July 1st. Sow in rows three feet apart and add a little phosphate to hurry the crop along out of the way of the turnip fly. Sow about two pounds of seed to the acre. Thin out with a hoe. Some of them may be taken up and semi-transplanted and they will make a good second crop after early potatoes. Nothing is better in market than the purple top yellow. Most of the cultivating can be done with a fine tooth cultivator.

The Texture of the Soil.

The other day I secured one sample of soil from a very hard clay knoll upon which beans had been planted but in which they were almost unable to germinate, another sample from a contiguous soil in which beans were growing luxuriantly, and as a third sample, I chipped a piece of rock off my house which is built of stone of the neighborhood says L. H. Bailey in a bulletin of the Cornell Station. All of these samples were taken to the chemist for analysis. The chemist says that the poorer soil—the one upon which I could not grow beans—is the richer in mineral plant food, and that the rock contains a most abundant supply of potash and about half as much phosphoric acid as the good bean soil.

After all, it is not surprising, when we come to think of it. Every good farmer knows that a hard and lumpy soil will not grow good crops, no matter how much plant food it may contain. A clay soil which has been producing good crops for any number of years may be so seriously injured by one injudicious plowing in a wet time as to ruin it for the growing of crops for two or three years. The injury lies in the modification of its physical texture, not in the lessening of its fertility.

A sandy soil may also be seriously impaired for any crop if the humus, or decaying organic matter, is allowed to burn out of it. It then becomes leachy, it quickly loses its moisture, and it becomes excessively hot in bright sunny weather. Similar remarks may be applied to all soils, that is, the texture or physical condition of the soil is nearly always more important than its mere richness in plant food.

A finely divided, mellow, friable soil is more productive than a hard and lumpy one of the same chemical composition because:

It holds and retains more moisture; holds more air; presents greater surface to the roots; promotes nitrification; hastens the decomposition of the mineral elements; has less variable extremes of temperature; allows a better root-hold to the plant.

In all these ways, and others, the mellowness of the soil renders the plant food more available and affords a congenial and comfortable place in which the plant may grow.

The reader will now see the folly of applying commercial or concentrated fertilizers to lands of poor texture. He will see that if potash, for example, were applied to the hard lumps of the first sample, it could not be expected to aid in the growth of plants, because plants cannot grow on such soil. If the same quantity were applied to the second sample, however, the greater part of it would be presented to the roots of plants at once, and its effects would no doubt be apparent in the season's crop. The reader will readily understand that it is useless to apply commercial fertilizer to lands which are not in proper physical condition for the very best growth of crops.

The poor or lumpy soil contained a greater percentage of potash and phosphoric acid, no doubt because of the lack of humus in the sample. As it contains less organic matter, it therefore has less nitrogen than the good soil. Probably because of this less percentage of organic matter, this lumpy soil also contains less moisture than the other. As a matter of fact, however, these differences which the chemist found in the organic matter, nitrogen and moisture, are not sufficient to account for the very great differences in the productivity of the two soils. The chemical examination would have thrown more light upon the value of these soils if a determination had been made of the amount of potash and phosphoric acid which is soluble; but even then the chemist could not have told, from analysis alone, how valuable this land might be for any particular crop. Analysis does not show how agreeable or comfortable the land may be to the plants. There is sufficient potash in the rock and even enough phosphoric acid, to grow a crop of beans; and yet, even if I add the nitrogen and water and make the mineral plant soluble, I cannot hope to grow a crop on the walls

of my house. In brief, a chemical analysis of soil is only one of several means of determining the value of land, and in the general run of cases it is of very secondary value.

How can the texture of lands be improved? In general, by three means,—by judicious plowing and tillage, by the incorporation of humus, and by the use of underdrains. The value of simple tillage or fining of the land as a means of increasing its productivity was first clearly set forth in 1783 by Jethro Tull, in his "New Horse Hoeing Husbandry."

Farmers do not appreciate the importance of humus as an ameliorator of land. In farm lands it is usually supplied in the form of green crops, stubble or sward, and barn manures. When humus is absent, sandy soils become too loose and leachy and hot, and clay soils bake and become lumpy. The different physical characteristics of our samples one and two are largely due to the greater amount of humus in the good soil, and yet we have seen that the chemist pronounced the other soil richer in native plant food.

The writer has much of this hard unproductive land like the first sample. What is to be done with it? To cover it with commercial fertilizer would be of little benefit. It must first be put in fit condition for the growing crops. A crop of clover plowed under would quickly improve it, but the land is newly planted to orchard and he does not care to seed it down. The next recourse is stable manure. Of this enough can be had to cover the hardest spots. For the rest, catch or cover crops must be used. Following beans or potatoes, he can sow rye and plow it under very early in the spring. Now and then he can use a fall crop of sowed corn or oats or something of the kind. After a time he may be able to get the land in such a condition of tilth as to secure an occasional stand of crimson clover. This practice, continued judiciously for a few years, ought to radically change the character of the land; but all this will be of little avail unless the plowing and cultivation—which are now so inadequate—can be done in a timely and intelligent way.

All this will take time and patience. He wishes that there was some short cut and lazy way of improving this land by making some application of fertilizer to it, but there is not. The most he can do is to slowly bring it into such condition that it will pay to put concentrated fertilizers on it. In short, the first step in the enrichment of unproductive land is to improve its physical condition by means of careful and thorough tillage, by the addition of humus, and perhaps by underdrainage. It must first be put in such condition that plants can grow in it. After that the addition of chemical fertilizers may pay by giving additional or redundant growth.

CABBAGES need more hoeing and stirring of soil than most crops. The wheel hoe is an excellent thing to keep the ground stirred between the rows and close to the plant.

Don't wait to begin thinning fruit until it begins to ripen. Any leisure time may now be profitably employed at this work, and the sooner it is done the better it will be for that which is to perfect itself on the tree.—Ex.

"Men of great learning have spent their time in contriving instruments to measure the immense distances of the stars, and in finding out the dimensions, and even weight of the planets; they think it more eligible to study the art of plowing the sea with ships, than of tilling the land with ploughs; they bestow the utmost of their skill, learnedly, to prevent the natural use of all the elements for destruction of their own species, by the bloody art of war. Some waste their whole lives in studying how to arm death with new engines of horror, and inventing an infinite variety of slaughter; but think it beneath men of learning (who only are capable of doing it) to employ their learned labors in the invention of new (or even improving the old) instruments for increasing of bread."—Jethro Tull.

The Hawaiian question has attracted more attention in Congress recently than any other, especially as upon its settlement

Hood's

Restore full, regular action of the bowels, do not irritate or inflame, but leave all the delicate digestive organism in perfect condition.

Pills

Try them. 25 cents.

Rich diggings have been found on the
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ninety-eight.	S. H. FOLSOM, Register.	ninety-eight.	S. H. FOLSOM, Register.
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THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE BUTTERCUP DAIRYMAIDS.

The little ladies of the churn,
They tell the springtime through,
A-churning golden butter from
The rain, and sun, and dew.

But when the merry June-time comes,
The labor all is done,
And they pack their butter-bowls
With butter like the sun.

And then they stand in ranks and rows
Their bowls upon their heads,
Awaiting the inspectors, who
Shall soon go through the meads.

And when the child inspectors come,
Such fun as then begins!
For they test the golden butter
With their rosy, dimpled chin!

—Percy V. White, in Youth's Companion.

DRAGON-FLIES.

All you children who live in the country, or spend summers in the country, and some of you city children who do neither, may have called them "Devil's Darning Needles," or "Mosquito-hawks," and you may have heard very absurd stories of their sewing up people's ears! The stories are entirely false, for the beautiful dragon-flies have nothing with which to "sew up" ears or anything else!

I have seen them darting about the streets of New York, Boston and Chicago, catching the mosquitoes on the wing. I have seen them in many smaller cities and towns, and in the country and by the sea, they abound. Why do I tell you about them if they are so common? Because like many common things, they are very interesting when one knows all about them, or nearly all—and the flying about in the air and catching mosquitoes for breakfast, dinner and supper, are not nearly all of the life of a dragon-fly.

You have learned that the baby of a town was quite different from a grown-up town, and that the baby of a moth or butterfly was quite unlike the moth or butterfly, so you will not be surprised when I tell you that the baby of the beautiful dragon-fly is a very unbecoming creature, living in the water of ponds and ditches, and having no wings.

The dragon-fly flies over the pond until she sees a leaf or stem which suits her, and then lights on that leaf or stem, and lays a bunch of eggs on it just beneath the water. There is a sticky substance on the eggs, and this holds them fast to the stem or the leaf, and hardens almost at once, instead of dissolving in the water.

After some days the eggs hatch and the larva crawl out, looking a little like spiders but with bodies less like spider's bodies than their legs are like spider's legs.

They moult two or three times and then look very different from spiders. The most curious thing about them is a mask which folds over the face of each larva, and looks very harmless, but is very dangerous to small fishes, worms and the larva of other insects. This mask can be unfolded and stretched out and has two claw-like hooks at its tip, and when the larva wishes to catch his dinner he thrusts his mask out, and with the hooks catches and holds the little minnow he aimed at, and then eats it at his leisure.

I have often watched larval dragon-flies catch their dinner, and it is very surprising to see how strong they are, and how firmly the mask can hold a struggling fish. It is not a pleasant sight, because one always feels so sorry for the little fish.

When the time comes for the larva to change to the pupa—as the caterpillars do—the skin cracks open on its back, and the pupa crawls out, soft and moist, but—still like the caterpillar's pupa—soon grows hard and firm. It looks much like the larva still, but shows very plainly where the wings are formed for the future dragon-fly. Unlike the caterpillar's pupa, this pupa is active and eats!

But in a short time its last change comes. The pupa crawls up a stem to the surface of the water, and just above it, and again the skin splits on the back, and this time out crawls the dragon-fly.

But it is not yet ready to fly away. It is soft and moist, and its wings have to expand to its full size. So it sits still and gets used to its wings and exercises its six legs, and after an hour or two it has become hard and glittering, with lovely colors on its body and wings, and now it can fly away. Look at its wings and see how different they are from the wings of a bird or a butterfly. They are almost or quite transparent—though some are marked with opaque spots or bands. The surface is not soft and leathery or downy, but shining, brittle and like mica, almost. And the long slender body is metallic in its lustre and colors, and feels almost like tin! It is brittle, however, like the wings, of which there are two pairs.

Try to catch a dragon-fly! Take your butterfly net and go to some pond or pool and try to catch the glittering fly as it darts about you! You have it! Are you sure? Look in your net. It is not there! I thought not! Just as you thought you had it it darted off in another direction. That is a way they have. Still they may be caught, if you have patience.

But it is far more satisfactory to sit down on the bank of the pond, and watch the dragon-flies. See how many different kinds you can find. The biggest one with a very long body, the one which comes flying about the piazza after mosquitoes, is *Echthra* *heros*, but you do not care for the Latin names, and there are no separate English names for each kind as far as I know. You will find red bodies, green bodies, bodies changing blue and green like a peacock's breast, black, brown and blue bodies, and the wings vary nearly as much in tints and marks, though most are transparent.

To catch the larva you need a stouter net than your butterfly net, and then you want to dip it down to the bottom of the pool, and scoop up mud and water. The water will drip out as you pull up the net. In the mud, at the bottom you will find, probably, several kinds of crawling things, and some of the big beetles may nip your fingers a

little, but you will not mind that. You may not find what you want at the first dip, and then you can try again. It is great fun.—Primary Education.

THE CHILDREN'S FLOWER.

Dear dandelion, you sunshiny thing,
How many toys for the young folks you bring!
Watch chains for Nanny, and trumpets for Ned,
Funny green curls for the baby's head;
Next you're a weather-cock ready to show
When your white seeds fly, which way the winds blow.
Friend of the barefoot boy, gold of the poor,
You're a wee playhouse at each child's door.
—Selected.

Why Minnie Could Not Sleep.

She sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn, and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her. "You needn't look at me, Moon," she said. "You don't know about it, you can't see in the daytime. Besides, I am going to sleep."

She laid down, and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it, but to-night it sounded just as if it said, "I know, I know, I know."

"You don't know, either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing! you were upstairs!"

Her loud noise awoke the parrot. He took his head from under his wing and cried out, "Polly did."

"That's a wicked story, you naughty bird!" said Minnie. "You were in grandma's room, so now!"

Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did, when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh, I wish I hadn't."

Pretty soon there came a soft patter of four little feet, and her pussy jumped up on the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek and then began to "purr-r-r-r, purr-r-r-r."

It was very queer, but that, too, sounded as if pussy said, "I know, I know."

"Yes, you do know, kitty," said Minnie, and then she threw her arms around kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And I—I guess—I want—to—see—my—mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her miserable story. "I was awfully naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie, and then—I—I—oh, I don't want to tell, but I expect I must, I shut kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma."

Then mamma told Minnie that she had known all about it. But she had hoped that the little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself.

"But, mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't kitty?"

"Because kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.—Selected.

THE HOME CORNER.

FREE PATTERN.
By special arrangements with the BAZAR GLOVE-FITTING PATTERNS CO., we are able to supply our readers with the *Bazar Glove-Fitting Patterns* at very low cost. It is acknowledged by every one that these patterns are the simplest, most economical and most reliable patterns published. Full directions accompany each pattern, and our lady readers have been invariably pleased with them in the past. The coupon below must accompany each order, otherwise the pattern will cost the full price.

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"Cut this out, fill in your name, address, name and size of pattern desired, and mail it to—
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Enclose ten cents to pay expenses.

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ful two-seamed sleeves are cut in fashionable lines and can be made with or without the fitted lining. The gown is of moderate width measuring a little over three and one-half yards at the foot in the medium size. Challie, cashmere, India silk, French or outing flannel will develop tastefully by the mode, while for wash fabrics the advantage of its simplicity will be found to make laundering a very easy task. To make this wrapper for a lady of medium size 5-1-2 yards of material 44 inches wide will be required. The pattern, 7374, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inch bust measure. With coupon, ten cents.



7374—Child's Reefer.

Reefers of washable stuffs are in almost unneeded demand, and apart from being in the height of style, fill a definite want, being cooler than wool yet serving both for protection from dust and the light wrap which a summer evening demands. The model shown is of dark blue pique with trimming of white needlework. The straight back is seamed at the centre and includes underlying plaits below the waist line, while the broad fronts are loose fitting and lap one well over the other, the closing being effected by means of pearl buttons and buttonholes and pockets being placed at each side. The sleeves are two-seamed and show only slight fullness at the shoulders. At the neck is a deep fanciful collar edged with frill, and at the wrists are turn-over cuffs finished in a similar style. To cut this reefer for a child of four years one and five-eighths yards of material forty-four inches wide will be required. The pattern, 7374, is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Commence the annual siege at the cellar. If it is not well drained and ventilated, make it so before expending a dollar for any but the actual necessities of life, says the New York Observer.

If cleansing is all that is necessary, do it in the most thorough manner. Carry every movable box shelf or floor board out of doors; and after scrubbing them with hot water, to which soda or some other cleansing agent has been added let them remain out of doors and in the sunshine until thoroughly purified and dry. Remove all vegetables or other edibles except those which are in airtight cans. Sweep every nook and dark closet, sweeping shelves and other woodwork; then close the doors and windows, and slowly burn a little sulphur in an old tin vessel. This fumigation is especially needed in a damp cellar, for fungus growth, always dangerous, is sure to form on the underside of vegetable bins, platforms and other places that one cannot reach with hot water and a scrubbing brush. Leave the cellar closed for an hour or two, then let all the air possible sweep through it for, well, for at least a full day and night. Flush the drain with boiling water, and then disinfect with several pailfuls of hot water in which copper has been dissolved. If a cellar is damp, large-mouthed open vessels of stone lime or charcoal will do much to absorb it. Both are also excellent purifiers.

Every sink and drain in the house or adjoining grounds must not only have an extra thorough cleaning and disinfecting, but the pipes and traps should be tested to see if they are sound and in good working order.

If the kitchen sink or bathroom discharge pipes run into a closed unventilated cesspool or drain, as they often do in country villages and farm houses, the poisonous gases are sure to rise and escape into the house unless the best kind of traps is provided and kept in perfect working order.

Bad as is the kitchen sink with an untrapped discharge pipe emptying on the ground but a few feet away from the house, it is less dangerous than either of the methods with faulty traps just mentioned, if the spot where it flows is too far from the well or cistern to contaminate the supply of water. The soil to a depth of one or two feet has the power to purify sewerage, and if the place where the sink pipe empties is exposed to the full action of the sun and air it is constantly being disinfected, and except when the polluted air is driven towards the open pipe, the latter is filled with a current of more or less pure air. Now do not for a minute think that I am recommending this disposition of kitchen traps, but of two evils, it were wiser to choose the lesser.

Far better is an open drain or cesspool whose contents are never allowed to ferment. The same criticisms apply to the common practice of throwing kitchen slops over the ground at the back-door. A peculiar composition of soil, natural drainage and full power of sunshine and fresh air may make such a course safe. In another home, it would be to invite diphtheria, typhoid fever or other dangerous preventable disease. Will new carpets, curtains or furniture offset such a risk? Boiling water is in itself an excellent disinfectant, but give more thorough treatment now whether there is any odor from the pipes or not. Washing soda is good, but copperas or carbolic acid water is better.

The supply of water for drinking and other domestic uses rightly comes with in the supervision of the housewife; but in the country where well water is used she too often accepts what she finds without serious consideration, if the water is clear and has no odor. Now the term pure water as commonly used means water which is not injurious to health. No water in its natural state is chemically pure. Such water is usually clear, and free from taste or odor, and yet it may carry deadly bacteria and show none of the ordinary danger signals. If the well is lower than the house sewer, or so situated that rains will carry surface drainage from the house or barn into it, do not take any chances on its purity. The cistern should be thoroughly cleaned once a year, often if the water is filtered for domestic uses. If it is not supplied with a vent pipe carried out of doors and capped with wire netting, have a frame covered with netting over the manhole.

In sleeping and other rooms in daily use by the family, wall paper becomes laden with impurities. Do not allow layer after layer of such paper to remain and menace the health of your family, because it lessens the expense of hanging new paper, or the decorator says. We can do better work in this way. Wet the old paper occasionally during several hours' time, or until the last layer is loosened, using tepid water and an old whitewash brush. It can thus be easily removed, a putty knife being the most convenient utensil to use in scraping next to the woodwork. To clean kitchen walls of paper close the doors and windows; bring a boiler full of water to the boiling point and steam them an hour or more, till loosened.

If the kitchen windows are sunny, fastening the shade rollers to position a few inches below the lower edge of the window casing across the top allows the hot air and odors from cooking to escape by lowering the top sash, while at the same time the shade can be drawn down to shut out the sunshine.

In no other room or way have I any encouragement for shutting the fullest daylight out of the rooms in constant use, except in the middle of oppressive summer days. Certainly not in those occupied by delicate persons and little children. Sunshine is a wonderful tonic as well as an invaluable disinfectant and purifier. The best cure and prevention of nervous depression, the greatest menace to the life of the country as well as city housewives, is warm, glowing sunshine. Do not shut it out of a single room by any fixed arrangement of draperies; for fear of fading carpets and upholstery, or from habit, however deep-rooted and grounded. "It's never too late to mend." Turn a square corner, and for the greater part of every day coax the sunshine to enter and penetrate to the furthest corner of every room.

In some situations it is actually a question whether fly screens or flies are the greater nuisance, for the former make our rooms so much warmer and more stuffy by "barring" in the impure air and reluctantly admitting that which is fresh and pure. With mosquitoes thrown in the balance most of us will decide in favor of screens, but with the shade they afford there certainly is little need of drawn shutters or shades.

The proper care of bedrooms, bedding and personal clothing is more easily accomplished in summer than any other season of the year, for if given a chance to put in its work direct sunshine will make their sanitation perfect. Give it the opportunity. Flood the room with it and hang in bed before an open window and its direct rays. Hustling to put a bedroom in order in the morning by spreading up the bed and hurrying up nightgowns into an unventilated closet, without a thorough airing of both, is anything but the commendable practice some "model housewives" consider it. In this, as in every other feature of housekeeping, "consistency is a jewel."

When June comes, the woman who has plants will begin to wonder what she had better do with them during the summer, says the Harper's Bazar. Shall she put them in the ground or keep them in their pots? Many decide in favor of the first plan, because plants in the ground will take care of themselves. But the labor thus saved will more than be offset by that which must be expended on them when they are lifted and potted in fall. And it should be borne in mind that plants lifted and potted in September cannot fail to receive a severe check at precisely the time when growth and development should not be interfered with. Two or three weeks later they will have to be taken into the house, and the injury done by mutilating and disturbing their roots. Their vitality will be weakened, and this will make them all the more susceptible to the debilitating effects of a removal to the house, where they will get more heat and less fresh air than they need. The combination of these unfavorable influences

puts the plants at a great disadvantage, and gives them a set-back from which they will not recover for months. Because of this I never advise any one to put her plants out in the garden during summer. If kept in pots you have them under control at all times. Sudden changes and severe shocks are avoided. They may not grow as vigorously as plants in the open ground, but what is gained by such growth if it has to be sacrificed when they are taken up in fall?

I put many of my plants out of doors in their pots, on a veranda with an eastern exposure, and leave them there till the last of September. If any repotting is necessary, it can be done at intervals during the season, and with very little disturbance to the plant. The result is that when the plants are removed to the house about the only change they undergo is that of quarters; consequently they have much less to contend with than those which have been just lifted and potted.

For soft corns and bunions, a poultice of flaxseed meal into which boiling water and a bit of sweet cream is stirred is effective. Tie on the foot while quite warm, and let it remain there all night. This will draw the inflammation of tender, reddened joints. It may also be used to relieve any soreness left after cutting out hard corns. Night and morning foot baths of cold water to which latherine has been added will harden and purify the skin of the feet, when much walking or standing is to be done.

In strawberry time remember that no matter how the fruit is served, it should first be washed to free it from grit, says a writer in the Country Gentleman. Strawberries in it.

The fruit is better washed before the hulls are removed.

No other dressing is quite so delicious on uncooked berries as whipped cream. Plain shortcake should be baked in two thin layers, with a little soft butter spread over the bottom one before the other is put in place; or better even than this, cut into individual cakes with a biscuit-cutter.

Cold fruit desserts are coming to be better liked for summer than warm ones. But the one which is neither cold nor hot is robbed of half its goodness.

Nine times out of ten, puddings or other desserts made with gelatine are unsatisfactory, because sufficient time is not allowed for them to mold firmly. They should have six or eight hours. If short of time, better depend on cornstarch.

The lower crust of a pie will not become sodden with fruit jelly if it is brushed over with the white of an egg before it is filled, and is not allowed to stand more than an hour after baking.

The most delicate pie is made by baking a deep shell; stand on ice, and when ready to serve, fill with berries that have been sweetened for an hour, and pile whipped cream over the top.

A tempting pie has a deep, baked shell filled with berries and boiled custard, covered with a thick meringue. Brown the latter slightly and serve cold.

There is almost no limit to the number of tempting desserts that can be made with steamed rice as a foundation.

Even bread pudding is a treat with While this fruit alone will not make a firm jelly, by using one-third red currant jelly the jelly will mold, and has a fine flavor for puddings, cakes and other desserts.

The medium and small berries are better than the largest ones for canning. This fruit is sure to be insipid unless sugar is used freely.

The flavor is always more natural if the fruit is cooked in the jars.

Escalloped Rhubarb.—Stir one pint, solidly packed, of bread crumbs into one-fourth cup melted butter. Cut one pound of rhubarb into half inch pieces. Butter a pudding dish, sprinkle in a layer of crumbs, add a layer of rhubarb, about a dozen raisins, stoned, a grating of lemon rind, a little juice and a generous sprinkling of sugar. Continue the layers until the bread and rhubarb are used, having bread upon the top. Use nearly a cup of sugar and the juice of half a large lemon. Cover and bake in a moderate oven about forty minutes; then remove the cover and brown the top. Serve hot with powdered sugar or with hard sauce.—Mrs. Hill in the Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Stockbridge Cake.—Stir four tablespoonfuls of yellow corn meal into one pint of scalding hot milk and cook until the mush thickens; add one teaspoonful of butter and sugar, and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Add, also, the yolks of three eggs and, lastly, the well beaten whites. Bake in a deep pan, buttered, about half an hour.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Strawberry Custard.—Make a boiled custard with the yolks of five eggs, a quart of milk, half a cupful of sugar and a trifle of flavoring. Crush and strain one pint of berries, mix half a cup of powdered sugar and gradually beat this into the well beaten whites of four eggs, with two or three tablespoonfuls of sugar according to the acidity of the fruit. Serve the custard in shallow dishes with two tablespoonfuls of the float upon each.

Home-Made Cream Cheese.—Cream cheese may be made at home, providing you follow carefully the rules. Take four quarts of good, thick milk; pour into it two quarts of boiling water; turn into a bag and drain over night. Next morning rub this cheese to a smooth pulp and press through a fine sieve; add gradually a tablespoonful of melted butter or two tablespoonfuls of thick cream. Pack this into small cups and stand in a cool place for about two or three weeks; at the end of that time the top may be removed and the cheese

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turned from the cups for use.—June Ladies' Home Journal.

Cottage Cheese Balls.—Press half a pint of cottage cheese through a sieve; add half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of white or a dash of red pepper, and a drop of green coloring; add a tablespoonful of carefully melted butter and mix thoroughly. Form into balls about the size of English walnuts and stand away until perfectly cool. This may be placed in a tin and French dressing.—June Ladies' Home Journal.

Cream of Lima Bean Soup.—Cook one pint of good-sized lima beans in salted water until perfectly tender, and press through a colander. Add to them gradually one quart of milk; turn into a double boiler and add a tablespoonful of grated onion, a bay leaf and a blade of mace. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour; add to the mixture; stir constantly until thick and smooth; put through a fine sieve; add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and the soup is ready to serve. White beans such as kidney, may be used in the same way. The flavorings may be changed; celery salt may be added in the place of a bay leaf, or a single clove may be added.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the June Ladies' Home Journal.

Cream of Corn Soup.—Score down the grains and press out the pulp from six good-sized ears of corn; add to this in a double boiler one quart of milk, a teaspoonful of grated onion, not more than one-eighth of a teaspoonful of ground mace, about a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, and, if you like, a teaspoonful of sugar. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour; add to the soup and stir until thick. Serve in a hot tureen after pressing through a pure sieve.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the June Ladies' Home Journal.

Mock Bisque Soup.—Season one pint of strained tomatoes with a little onion juice and just a suspicion of ground mace. Heat in a double boiler one quart of milk. Rub together a tablespoonful and a half of butter and three tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir in the hot milk. When entirely thick and smooth add to the tomatoes an eighth of a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Pour in the hot milk; add one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and serve at once. If it is necessary to keep this soup warm keep the ingredients apart until serving time.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in the June Ladies' Home Journal.

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The sun is lifting up his head
And smiling to the world;
The dew is on the grass and flowers,
And the birds are singing
In the trees and on the hill.
The wind is soft and sweet,
And the air is fresh and clear.
The sun is shining brightly,
And the world is full of cheer.
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A MESS OF COWSLIP GREENS.

By S. H. H. CHAPMAN.

Philander Meade, Mrs. Thompson's "son-in-law," turned her three sleek Jerseys into the little hill pasture and set out the bars; then, perching himself on the top of the fence, gazed down at the two tiny brown cottages by the side of the hill.
"Them wimmen don't feel just right," he said, "and I'm sure they don't. There ain't no runnin' back 'n' forth 'n' no squawking 'n' no fussin' 'n' no nothin' but a mess of cowslip greens. I've seen 'em eat 'em up 'n' they ain't no better for it. I don't know what's the matter with 'em, but I reckon I can see daylight through a ladder. It's them cowslips. Each one thinks the other's been 'n' picked 'um, 'n' I don't see but what Philander'll hev to turn peace-maker."

This last remark struck Philander as being very funny, and he laughed so heartily that he nearly rolled off the fence. He looked down at the little brown houses and up at the clear blue sky, but no plan calculated to adjust the unsatisfactory state of affairs seemed to present itself.

"Won't do to let 'um know 't I'm mistakin' anything, nuther," said he, and getting down on the other side of the fence he rested his elbows on the top rail, and leaning lazily back, surveyed the opposite landscape through half-closed eyes.

Here and there the sandy hillocks were dotted with forget-me-nots and dandelion blue violets. A belated "red Benjamin" struggled from the brush, and at Philander's feet, away lighted up and fro in the morning breeze. The budding green of the maples lay soft and warm against the dark pines beyond.

In a neighboring field a man was busily engaged planting corn; a crow, rising high in air from a gaunt birch near Philander, winged its way across the pasture and appeared to hover for a moment over the head of the distant laborer.

Just what this had to do with the plot that seemed to take instant form in Philander's dull brain would be difficult to determine, but as the crow disappeared in the adjoining woods with a hoarse "caw, caw," Philander tapped his hands triumphantly and exclaimed, "Good idea, Mr. Crow, good idea!" and thrusting his hands deep in the pockets of his baggy trousers he launched across the pasture in the direction of Mr. Burt's cornfield with unusual alacrity.

"Good morning, Mr. Burt," said he, smiling cautiously through the lowest bars in the barbed wire fence.

"Good morning," returned Mr. Burt, "nobody looking up."

"I've kinder rushed 'n' business, ain't I?" drawled Philander.

"No," said Philander, because he didn't know what else to say, "I should think you'd need some help."

"Need some help," repeated Mr. Burt, "didn't I run all over town last night and not a man to be found for me nor money—and that's not the worst of it, it'll rain before forty-eight hours, the wind roared in Black Mountain this morning, and that sign never fails."

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thought maybe you'd like to drive round by the pond and get some cowslips, seein' the Hanley children picked all you want."

"The Hanley children?" cried Mrs. Thompson shrilly, "why I thought—"

"I supposed," she stopped in sudden confusion and glanced searchingly at Philander. His face wore its customary expression of good-natured stupidity. Mrs. Thompson rose quickly from the table, and her voice trembled as she spoke:

"I guess I'd better go right over and tell Alvirra so's she can be ready by the time I get the dishes done."

Mrs. Thompson was sitting at her breakfast table with Jacques, a large tiger cat, in her lap. Her toast was cold and unattractive; she was looking out of the window thinking of the times when she and Marieette had gone together to pluck the cowslips that grew by the cold spring.

"I suppose it's just blue with violets down there," she sighed regretfully, "and last year Marieette found a handful of white ones by the elm tree, and we put them on the table come dinner in one of ma's pink teacups, and while I was settling the table and putting on the teasettle she stirred up the pudding—Marieette always did make splendid puddings—but it'll never be as 'twas agin, I suppose," she mourned. "Not that I care for the greens," she thought with a scornful curl of the lip, but to go and get them unbeknown to me when we're always together, and counted on it, as much as Thanks-giving Day, for these ten years; ever since the fall ma died and she buried Mr. Thompson." Two large tears rolled down her cheeks and fell on Jacques' pudgy head. So absorbed was she in these painful recollections that she did not hear Mrs. Thompson until she entered the room.

"Finished your breakfast, Alvirra?" asked she, briskly, without appearing to notice her friend's tear-stained face.

"I run in to see if you didn't want to ride down to the center? Neighbor Burt wants Philander to help plant corn today, and so he sent down old Jerry for us to drive. Said we could have him as well as not. You get your eggs ready, and we'll start early so's to drive round by the pond and get some cowslips. Philander says the Hanley children picked all of ours."

Poor Miss Alvirra flushed guiltily. "Of course I'd like to go," said she, "but I—I—you're dreadful good, Marieette," she stammered.

"No, I ain't neither," Mrs. Thompson replied feelingly, adding as she turned toward the door, "you'll have to do the drivin', Alvirra, for I'm afraid of my life with a horse."

Mrs. Thompson did not enjoy driving. She often remarked that she'd "rather walk than ride any time."

She was large and fleshy, and the springs sagged heavily on her side of the carriage. When old Jerry walked slowly and stiffly up hill she trembled for fear a tug might give way or the king-bolt break. If he trotted down hill she was in terror lest he should stumble; and when he "held back" she momentarily expected the hold-backs to snap and precipitate them, horse and all, in the gutter.

"Isn't this nice, Marieette?" exclaimed Miss Alvirra delightedly, turning old Jerry into a dog trot. "I haven't had a ride before for more than a year."

Miss Alvirra was small and slight, and she sat on the extreme edge of the seat with a line in either hand like a happy child.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Thompson cautiously, as they jolted over a stone.

"Yes, I guess I should think 'twas real pleasurable if I got used to it."

Philander Mead had gone to live with the Thompsons three years previous to Mr. Thompson's death. He had grown from a stupid little boy of seven to a stupid big boy of seventeen. He showed little inclination for books and less for any kind of work involving, as Mrs. Thompson would have said, "much bone labor."

The stock on the small farm he looked after and attended with the faithfulness and fidelity of a shepherd dog. He "worked a month reg'lar" in sugaring and haying, and the money thus earned amply supplied his simple wants. Now and then a well intentioned neighbor ventured to expostulate with Mrs. Thompson on "keeping such shif'less help," she invariably replied that "Philander paid his way, and didn't do no harm nor meddle with other folks' affairs, which was more than she could say of some."

Once Mrs. Thompson conceived the idea that Philander would be "more like folk;" he mingled with young people. With this object in view she urged him to go to a picnic, offering to pay his car fare if he would consent.

"What do I want to go for?" he exclaimed, excitedly, startled out of his usual drawl. "What's the use of my spendin' two dollars and goin' sixty miles just to eat a lot of sweet stuff 'n' git all tuckered out, when I can lay in the orchard under the apple trees all day and hear the bobolinks sing?"

"But you'd see something new and diff'rent," persisted Mrs. Thompson.

"Don't I every day?" argued Philander. "I'll bet there won't be nothin' new to see here, but I'll go 'n' see 'n' what I can see."

"What did you see?" asked Mrs. Thompson, curiously.

"Well," he replied, slowly, a pleasant smile lighting his freckled face, "I was out layin' under the maples by the corn-barn, and pretty soon I see a big grey squirrel slip down a tree kinder careful, and get one of them but'nuts. He was so busy with it that he didn't see me, and he went back up the tree with it—"

"And what?" asked Mrs. Thompson, curiously.

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"See here, Miss Squirrel, you'll hev to fly round and help er that feller from the grove'll get all our but'nuts," and Philander chuckled immoderately at the remembrance of this small pantomime.

In relating the incident to Miss Alvirra Mrs. Thompson remarked that she "guessed after all Philander was more philosopher than fool," and I am not sure but she is right. However stupid he might be there was very little that escaped his observation.

It was nearly noon when Mrs. Thompson and Miss Alvirra finished their shopping and started for home. The day was perfect. The blue sky with its fleecy, floating clouds, the surrounding hills, distant and delicately purple, the giant elms and grey woodlands lay mirrored in the smooth surface of the little pond like a softly tinted picture, framed in willow bound banks of filmy gold.

"It's real pretty to look at, ain't it, Alvirra?" said Mrs. Thompson, clambering out of the carriage.

"We'll hitch old Jerry right here where he can nibble them birch twigs, and we'll get the cowslips. I thought like'n't we shouldn't have our dinner more afore three o'clock, and so I brought a lunch. We might fill our pails with cowslips, and then set on the bank where the bloodroot blossoms be and pick 'um over," and they did.

When the last cowslip was replaced in the pails ready for cooking, and the remaining sandwiches crumbled and thrown into the water for the fish, the two friends prepared to return. As Miss Alvirra looked longingly back at the little pond with its blossom-strewn banks, she said, "I don't know what time when I've had such a treat before, Marieette. I have everything I need, and more than I deserve," she added, humbly, "but if you and I could ride out like this often I should be just too happy to live."

Mrs. Thompson did not reply at once; when she did she spoke carelessly, as if the subject had been one of careful consideration.

"You know that money I've been savin' up, Alvirra, to buy a palkey shawl? I've concluded not to get one. I don't think one of them shawls would look well on a big, fleshy woman like me; I'd rather have a plain black cashmere with a silk fringe—I can get one for ten dollars—and I'm going to take the other fifteen dollars and buy old Jerry."

"Buy—old—Jerry?" gasped Miss Alvirra.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Thompson calmly, "Mr. Burt's got four colts, and he said last winter he'd be glad to sell him for that if the owner'd agree to keep him as long as he lived. Philander wanted I should buy him then—he's a dreadful 'bout walkin', Philander is."

"But I thought you didn't enjoy riding, Marieette," exclaimed Miss Alvirra in astonishment.

"Well," I can't say I do as much as some," admitted Mrs. Thompson, "but I presume I shall when I get accustomed to it, and besides," she finished hypocritically, "it'll be good for my rheumatism. There's the harness and wagon in the barn just as Mr. Thompson left 'um, and we can ride just when we take a notion."

Miss Alvirra was nearly speechless with joy all the way home; and never before had their annual dinner of cowslips proved so great a success. The table was set with the treasured pink and white china with a bowl of violets in the center, and the pudding was, so Miss Alvirra said, the best Marieette had ever known.

They lingered long over their dinner, and not till the dishes had been carefully wiped and put away and the sun was out of sight behind Black Mountain did Mrs. Thompson take her leave.

Miss Alvirra accompanied her to the picket gate followed by the devoted Jacques, and as she turned to go she kissed him as long as he lived.

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IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should call the hours with the sweetest things.
If we had but a day:
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied will
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
For the upward way;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free
To work or to pray;
And be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

BIRTH OF THE WATER LILY.

Indian Legend of the Falling Star Which Became a Flower.

From the twilight skies a pale star looked down with wistful longing upon the beautiful green earth. All about it its brother and sister stars were bright and happy and in bands sported together upon the measureless shining plain in which they lived or collected thickly along the broad road which is the pathway of ghosts (the Milky Way) in their journey to the far-off country of souls, the spimen-kah-wi-nu, the fair land above. But this one star was alone in heaven and sorrowful with longing. It turned away from the soft light of the moon when she walked forth adown the broad heavens and shuddered and hid its face when the sun, the bright heart of the sky, flung wide gates for the beautiful waban, the smiling dawn-maidens. Fairer under the light of the young moon or the bright shimmer of the sun seemed the lovely earth than all besides, and the still green meadows, the cool waving forest, the blue rivers, more blissful than the star-lodges set in the sky.

Every night at twilight the star saw its pale image reflected in a tranquil lake set round with green rushes, and mighty forest trees with wide arms interlaced, and it looked with envy upon the namagooos (trout) and the sly kenozha (pickering) leaping in the sunlight or flashing in the moonlight; upon the dancing (frog) calling among the reeds and rushes, and upon the bright wa-tai-sa (lightning bug) flitting through the darkness above the murmuring water. Every night the loon called to the echo hiding upon the shore and the whippoorwill answered clear and sweet in the purple distance. The wild geese stretched their lazy flight across the quiet surface, the plover piped from the sedges, the owl hooted stir in the lonely forest.

All through the long months of the moon the star looked down upon the fair lake lying tranquil with waves flashing in soft undertone of all happy things; saw the sweet blossoms in the bright Moon of Flowers (May) creep down to its borders; saw the gentle fawns in the Month of the Deer (July) come trooping down to drink of its cool waters, until now in the gray month of the Beaver (November) the star had grown wan and more pale, breathing its life away in sighs of longing.

Then the great Master of Life, Taren-yaw-wa-ga, Holder of the Heavens, saw with compassion and gave the star his wish, because of his love which keeps all things within the circle of his happy things; saw the star, through the purple twilight, when Gash Kewan, the darkness, and Weeng, the gentle spirit of sleep, hovered in the air, the star came drifting downward, floating, drifting, falling from the fair plains of heaven, to the fair land above.

Through the forest a band of hunters came laden with game. Silently but quickly they traversed in unerring certainty the trackless solitudes. They knew that just beyond, not far away, the twinkling fires of their wigwams gleamed redly through the darkness, flaming upon the smooth turf about the lodges, flashing from the glittering ornaments of the women as they moved about preparing the evening repast, and shining redly upon the grave faces of the braves and elders as they sat smoking the calumet and listening to the voice of the Che-nee-ga-ha, the story teller, as he sung of their deeds of valor. All but one of the hunters hastened on their way, seeing all this awaiting them at the end of their wearisome march. But he, the Dreamer, the one who saw where there was naught, he, looking skyward, beheld the star falling swiftly through the darkness with all its pale, gleaming, and ruddy splendor down to the sky. "See," he says, "it is the Wakendadens, the meteor!"

Then they turned to look in wonder and the wonder grew, as the star flamed downward, until it rested at length upon the bosom of the slumbering lake, when, lo! straightway it blossomed forth an earth flower, with slowly unfolding silvery petals and heart of gold, lying rocked in blessed rest and peace upon the softly whispering water.

Thus was born the beautiful O-kun-dun-moge, the water lily.—Detroit Journal.

MOCCASIN FLOWER.
BY ELAINE GOODALE.

Deep wonder of primeval woods,
Heavy with shade of oak and pine,
And still the pathless forest knows
In this strange atmosphere of thine—
Fancies remote, and vague and vast,
Cling round thy dim mysterious past,
In thee a life began to stir,
'Twas this—the earliest life of God!
The land that feeds a conquering race
His vast and unmarked burial place.

One solitary flower that blows
Still whispers of our savage kin,
And still the pathless forest knows
The story of the Moccasin;
When spring and full-blown summer meet,
It feels the print of red feet;
Yet, conscious of its life, it knows
Blushes to hear the red man's name.

—Outing.

Gladstone on War.

It is indeed true that peace has its moral perils and temptations for degenerate man, as has every other blessing without exception, that he can receive from the hand of God. It is, moreover, not less true that amidst the clash of arms, the noblest forms of character may be reared, and the highest acts of duty done; that these great and precious results may be due to war as their cause; and that one high form of sentiment in particular, the love of country, receives a powerful and general stimulus from the bloody strife. But this is as the furious cruelty of Pharaoh made place for the benign virtue of his daughter; as the butchering sentence of Herod raised without doubt many mother's love into heroic nobility; as plague, as famine, as fire, as flood, as every curse and every scourge, that is wielded by an angry Providence for the chastisement of man, is an appointed instrument for tempering human souls in the seven-times heated furnace of affliction, up to the standard of angelic and archangelic virtue.

War, indeed, has the property of exciting much generous and noble feeling on a large scale; but with this special recommendation it has, in its modern forms especially, peculiar and unequalled evils. As it has a wider scope of devastating power than the rest, so it has the peculiar quality that it is more susceptible of being decked in gaudy trappings, and of fascinating the imagination of those whose proud and angry passions it inflames. But it is, on this very account, a very perilous delusion to teach that war is a cure for moral evil, in any other sense than as sister tribulations are.

One inevitable characteristic of modern war, is that it is associated throughout, in all its particulars, with a vast and most irregular formation of commercial enterprise. There is no incentive to mammoth worship so remarkable as that which it affords. The political economy of war is now one of its commanding aspects. Every farthing, with the smallest exceptions conceivable, of the scores or hundreds of millions which a war may cost, goes directly, and very violently to stimulate production, though it is intended ultimately for waste or for destruction. Even apart from the fact that war suspends, *ipso facto*, every rule of public thrift, and tends to sap honesty itself in the use of the public treasure for which it makes such unbounded calls, it therefore is the greatest feeder of that lust of gold which are told is the essence of commerce, though we had hoped it was only its occasional besetting sin.

In the innumerable combinations of the political chess-board, there is none more difficult for an upright man to discern the exact path of duty, when he has shared in bringing his country into war, and when, in the midst of that war, he finds, or believes himself to find, that it is being waged for purposes in excess of those which he had approved.

An Incident of Appomattox.

A dramatic incident of the closing hours of the fight at Appomattox Court House is related by Gen. George A. Forsyth in Harper's Magazine. A shell had burst in his command, and he rode out to find the hidden battery:



THE HORSE.

Speed of the Work Team.

A few evenings ago I chanced to over-hear some conversation by some young farmers, and the subject was pretty well discussed as to the rate of speed made by the average farm team when at work in the field, and, like young America generally, they were ready to admit that they had good walking teams. I know that some of them prided themselves in making their teams show off their good qualities, and the general opinion was that teams would walk two and one-half miles an hour, and some will do even more than that. Let us do a little figuring and what would be accomplished. We will start with the two and one-half mile gait, and there is scarcely a farmer who is willing to admit that his team is slower than that, and for convenience count it at ten hours a day, twenty-five miles—that looks rather large when we are plowing sixteen inch furrows. It takes a little less than six miles of travel to plow an acre, so you see by the time we have reached the twenty-fifth mile post there are about four and one-third acres plowed; pretty big, isn't it? Well, three acres a day, that will do then; about seventeen and eight-ninths miles will be travelled, which would be about one and four-fifths miles an hour.

Well, let's start out to harrow. The harrow takes fifteen feet wide, and a strip of land that wide twenty-five miles long would make a trifle over forty-seven acres. Two-thirds that many acres would be a good day's work, and one and three-fifths miles an hour would do it. Now, when planting. My planter is three and one-half feet and it takes a little more than one and one-seventh miles of travel to plant an acre, and thirteen acres a day is good work; a little less than one and one-half miles an hour would do it. To illustrate in another way, and see how it looks: We are most of us familiar with the eighty-rod field. In planting sixteen-inch furrows it is no difficult matter to make four rounds an hour, which would be 640 rods travel an hour, and ten hours would be 6,400 rods, or twenty miles—just two miles an hour; working at that rate would plow nearly three and one-fourth acres, so we find that farm work is generally done at a less speed than two miles an hour.—L. C. Greene, in Wallace's Farmer.

Harness Philosophy.

The oiled collar wears itself and the horse's shoulder less.

Harness uselessly heavy gives the horse a useless burden to carry. It is better to fit the collar to the shoulder than to try to fit the shoulder to the collar.

Take the horse with you when you buy his collar. You should consult his shoulders. And do not buy a collar that does not fit him nicely, no matter what the dealer may say.

Many collars are harder on one side than the other. Never buy such. The soft pads that cover all the face of the collar are a good thing, but a perfectly fitting collar is a better thing.

The rivet put in time—and you can put it in—will save more than nine stitches.

Observing closely the sewing of the reins would save not a few runaways. Oiling dirty harness may do more harm than good.

Avoid harness full of gewgaws. They're put on to hide poor leather.

The first point in oiling harness is to clean it thoroughly. Tepid water may be used. Scrape off the sweat and dirt about buckles, etc., with a dull knife. Apply the oil to the harness as hard as the hand will bear.

A stout buckskin string tied to some part of the harness often comes mighty handy.

Are both tugs of exactly the same length? Try a rubber bit on the tender-mouthed horse.—Farm Journal.

George R. Richmond, of Attleboro, Mass., is training for J. C. Smith, of Richmond, Va., and will campaign Monday 2.09 1-4.

Nothing equal to GERMAN PEAT MOSS for horse bedding. Healthy and economical and widely used. C. B. Barrett, importer, 45 North Market street, Boston, Mass.

The Weather Bureau's Weekly Crop Bulletin.

FOR WEEK ENDING MONDAY JUNE 13, 1898.

OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU, BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 14, 1898.

Weather Condition.—The weather conditions have been almost perfect for the development of crops throughout New England during the past week. In Maine the local rains of the 9th were quite heavy and washed hillsides badly and flooded lowland in the vicinity of Dixfield, Oxford Co. In northern Vermont there is lack of rain, and crops are beginning to show the effect of the drought. This is the exception however, as all other districts report most favorable conditions, with fine progress made in work and vegetable growth. The rainfall was heaviest in Maine and least in Rhode Island.

General Situation.—Favored by sufficient rainfall in most portions of the district, and warm weather, crops of all kinds have grown rapidly in New England during the week past. Planting is about all done, and aided by the warm, moist weather the plants have a good start. In southern sections, where too wet soil gave weeds much advantage cultivation is in progress, as it is in the other portions of the district. Haying will soon begin. Reports indicate that in a week grass will be cut. Although some crops have been seriously delayed in growth for weeks of unfavorable conditions the outlook now, with few exceptions, is quite promising throughout New England.

Grass.—Nothing has occurred to interrupt the luxuriant growth of grass in New England during the past seven days. A heavy crop of hay now is looked for with confidence. The cutting of grass will soon begin. Reports from Maine state that owing to the favoring weather haying will begin from a week to ten days earlier than usual. In southern sections the crop is somewhat late.

Pastures have benefited by the conditions that have so much favored mowing fields. Throughout the district crop correspondents are unanimous in reporting a splendid growth.

Grain.—Corn is early in Maine but will be reported about in usual season in most other states. There is much complaint of rotting of seed sown, and that which has come up is very irregular, except in portions of Vermont and New Hampshire, where good progress is reported. Cultivation of this crop is under way. Rye and oats are generally doing well. The former is heading nicely and is in blossom.

Fruit.—In Maine and New Hampshire caterpillars are most destructive to fruit. Reports from Kennebec and Oxford Counties indicate that the fruit prospects are about ruined there by the pest. In New Hampshire and Vermont the look is less favorable than it was a week ago. The southern states have promise of a good yield, except that peaches and plums are a small crop in Massachusetts.

Vegetables.—Potatoes have had a most favorable week, and under cultivation are growing rapidly. The beetle is damaging the crop in Maine and Massachusetts. Peas are blooming. Asparagus, under favoring conditions has improved much. Garden truck in general reported to be doing very well.

Berries.—Strawberries are blooming in the northern districts and are ripening from Massachusetts southward. The crop is an average one. On Cape Cod the cranberry bogs are in good condition, but the fire worm has appeared to some extent; those who can, flood their bogs; on dry land poisons are used.

Tobacco.—Planting this crop, begun in some portions of the Connecticut Valley a week ago has progressed satisfactorily under favoring conditions.

J. W. SMITH, Section Director, Boston, Mass.

Recent experiments at the Rhode Island Station indicate that rape is very useful as a green feed for geese. It should be sown quite early in the spring for the young goslings, and they may be huddled upon it as soon as the plants are six inches high. They will eat the tender portion of the leaves, rejecting the stalks and crowns of the plants unless confined too long in one place. As soon as the goslings are removed to another place the plants begin to make new growth and thus the goslings may be grazed repeatedly on the same piece of rape if the huddling is properly done. The gains made on rape were satisfactory and it is regarded as equal to tender grass and young growing grain as forage for young geese.

Horse Owners! Use

GOMBALZ'S

Caustic Balm

The Safest, Best BLISTER ever used. Takes the place of all liniments for mild or severe action. Removes all Runners or Blisters from Horses and Cattle. SUPERBLY ALL GOUTY OR FURIOUS. Inexpensive to produce and of domestic price. \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars. THE LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS CO., Cleveland, O.

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Hints for Boys.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves before him. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, on what ground you selected that boy without a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he has a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful; gave up his seat to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful; he took off his cap when he came in, answered his questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly; he picked up a book which I had purposely laid on the floor and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, hair in nice order and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, as that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters of recommendation he can give me."

Stoughton Grange.

Regular meeting, Monday evening, June 12. Subject, "Can Our Roads be Improved Without Increase in Taxation?" Worthy Lecturer Edna Tilden being absent, Deputy F. H. Maxwell filled Lecturer's chair. Mrs. S. S. Goldsmith was elected chorister. It was voted to accept the invitation from Brookville Grange to attend their meeting, June 24, at which time they will be inspected. Business of importance will come up at the next meeting, June 26.

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says: In a few years' time the well-known Paris cab will be no more. In a month or so thirty automobiles of various patterns are to be let loose in the streets of Paris. The vehicles will be worked by electricity or petroleum, and are to take part in a competitive test organized by the Automobile Club of France. This is to consist of a series of journeys up and down and around the city, a new route being given out each day, for a fortnight. These will then be exhibited in the Garden of the Tuilleries for some time, and afterwards those vehicles which have withstood the test best will be put on the road. In the meantime there are other motors, which are to be seen daily on the roads round the fortifications experimenting on the qualities of vehicles and drivers. The latter are ordinary cabmen, whose employers have foreseen the inevitable and are preparing their drivers. These will in a very short time be placed at the service of any one who will venture to hire them. There is no doubt that automobilism is now fast supplanting the bicycle craze, and it threatens to be almost as big.

Do You Keep Summer Boarders?

If you do you probably need some new furnishings this season and you can get them at a more reasonable price at Houghton and Dutton's than you can anywhere else. They are making a specialty of summer furnishings and to fit up the rooms for boarders in so attractive a manner that they will wish to come again, and do it at small cost, you must look over Houghton and Dutton's stock. All kinds of furniture, bedding, carpets, curtains, lamps, table linen, tableware and kitchen ware are to be found there in great variety, and you can get anything you want without going outside the store. Then you can get a full supply of groceries at low rates enough to last you all summer, no matter what good appetites the boarders have. See their card on another page. Their store is large and commodious, and conveniently located at the corner of Beacon and Tremont Sts.

How to Visit New England.

Northern New England has within its borders every natural advantage for making it the great rendezvous for summer tourists and vacationists. No other section can offer such a variety of Lake, Mountain or Seashore resorts, and all of them within easy access from the busy cities of Connecticut, New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

It is no haphazard method by which the visitors to this region are handled, but experienced managers exert every possible effort to make the tourist at home and comfortable in great, well-equipped and finely-appointed hotels. The table of the New England hotels is far and favorably known, and, in fact, the advantages offered by them are phenomenal.

The climate of the region whether at Seashore, Lake or Mountain is healthful to the extreme and one wishing a real good vacation will find it in Northern New England.

The Railroad by which this great vacation section is reached is the Boston & Maine, and the train service which is in effect over its lines has no equal in the Eastern States. Express trains to the leading resorts are run at seasonable hours from Northern, Southern and Western points, and the Excursion Book and Illustrated catalogue which the General Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, sends free upon application, abounds in useful knowledge relating to the summer resorts of Northern New England.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS

FOR 1898.

We shall be glad to receive information from secretaries relative to the dates of holding Fairs not included in the following list.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury and Salisbury, Amesbury, Sept. 27, 29.
Barnstable, Barnstable, Aug. 30, Sept. 1.
Berkshire, Pittsfield, Sept. 13, 15.
Blackstone Valley, Uxbridge, Sept. 27, 28.
Bristol, Taunton, Sept. 20, 22.
Deerfield Valley, Charlemont, Sept. 15, 16.
Essex, Peabody, Sept. 20, 22.
Franklin, Greenfield, Sept. 20, 22.
Hampden East, Palmer, Sept. 20, 22.
Hampshire, Amherst, Sept. 15, 16.
Hampshire and Franklin, Northampton, Sept. 15, 16.
Highland, Middlefield, Sept. 1, 8.
Hillsdale, Cummington, Sept. 27, 28.
Hingham, Hingham, Sept. 27, 28.
Hosack, Hingham, Sept. 27, 28.
Housatonic, Great Barrington, Sept. 20, 22.
Manufacturers' Agricultural, North Attleboro, Aug. 30, 31.
Marblehead, Marblehead, Sept. 24, 26.
Martha's Vineyard, W. Tisbury, Sept. 20, 21.
Middlesex North, Lowell, Sept. 15, 17.
Middlesex South, Framingham, Sept. 15, 16.
Nantucket, Nantucket, Aug. 31, Sept. 1.
Oxford, Oxford, Sept. 8, 9.
Plymouth, Bridgewater, Sept. 14, 16.
Sperdy, Spencer, Sept. 22, 23.
Union, Bradford, Sept. 14, 16.
Weymouth, South Weymouth, Sept. 29, Oct. 1.
Worcester, Worcester, Sept. 4, 8.
Worcester East, North Adams, Sept. 15, 16.
Worcester Northwest, Athol, Sept. 14, 15.
Worcester South, Sturbridge, Sept. 15, 16.
Worcester West, Barre, Sept. 29, 30.

MAINE.

Androscoggin, Lewiston, Sept. 5, 9.
Durham, Durham, Sept. 21, 22.
Durham, Durham, Sept. 21, 22.
North Berwick, North Berwick, Aug. 23, 25.
Oxford, Norway, Sept. 20, 22.
Washington, Central, Machina, Sept. 20, 22.
Washington, Fenwick, Sept. 14, 15.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bradford & Newbury, Bradford, Sept. 27, 29.
Rochester, Rochester, Sept. 13, 16.

VERMONT.

Champlain Valley, Burlington, Sept. 6, 9.
Rutland, Rutland, Sept. 13, 15.
Rye, Rye, Sept. 13, 15.
Springfield, Springfield, Sept. 13, 14.
Valley Fair, Brattleboro, Sept. 13, 14.
Waits River Valley, East Corinth, Sept. 13, 14.
Windser, Woodstock, Sept. 21, Sept. 2.
Winouki Valley, Waterbury, Sept. 13, 15.

CONNECTICUT.

Gulford, Guilford, Sept. 28.
Newtown, Newtown, Sept. 27, 29.
Newtown, Newtown, Sept. 27, 29.
Union, Enfield, Sept. 29, 30.
Union, Huntington, Sept. 21, 22.
Windham, Windham, Sept. 13, 15.

STATE AND GENERAL EXHIBITIONS.

British Columbia, New Westminster, Oct. 4, 7.
California, Sacramento, Sept. 26, Oct. 1.
Illinois, Springfield, Sept. 26, Oct. 1.
Indiana, Indianapolis, Sept. 26, Oct. 1.
Kansas, Wichita, Sept. 26, Oct. 1.
Kansas City Horse Show, Sept. 17, 24.
Maine, Lewiston, Sept. 5, 9.
Manitoba, Winnipeg, Sept. 5, 9.
Maryland, Baltimore, Sept. 13, 17.
Massachusetts Horticultural, Boston, Oct. 4, 5.
Michigan, Grand Rapids, Sept. 26, 29.
Minnesota, Hamline, Sept. 26, 29.
Mississippi, Vicksburg, Nov. 7, 12.
Mississippi Exposition, Natchez, Oct. 24, 29.
Nebraska, Omaha, June 1, Nov. 1.
New Brunswick, St. John, Sept. 13, 23.
New England, Portland, Aug. 22, 26.
New Hampshire Grange, Tilton, Sept. 6, 8.
New Jersey, Trenton, Sept. 26, 29.
New Jersey Inter-State, Trenton, Sept. 26, 29.
New York, Syracuse, Aug. 29, Sept. 3.
North Carolina, Raleigh, Oct. 2, 3.
North Dakota, Mandan, Sept. 24, 30.
Ohio, Columbus, Aug. 29, Sept. 2.
Ontario, Port Hope, Brantford, Nov. 30, Dec. 2.
Prince Edward Island, Charlottetown, Sept. 26, 29.
Providence Horse Show, June 22, 23.
Quebec Provincial, Montreal, Sept. 5, 9.
Rhode Island, Cranston, Sept. 5, 9.
St. Louis, St. Louis, Oct. 3, 8.
South Carolina, Columbia, Nov. 7, 11.
South Dakota, Yankton, Sept. 26, 30.
Spokane (Wash.), Fred, Oct. 4, 15.
Texas, Dallas, Sept. 1, 16.
Toledo Tri-State, Toledo, Aug. 22, 27.
Toronto Industrial, Toronto, Aug. 29, Sept. 10.
Vt. Inter-State, White River Junction, Aug. 30, Sept. 2.
Washington, Tacoma, Sept. 26, Oct. 1.
West Virginia, Wheeling, Sept. 5, 9.
Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Sept. 10, 13.

BITS OF FUN.

Almost any friend will stand by you to the last cent, but it must be your cent.—Louisville Post.

The Only Thing Left.—How does Blankly get along? He says he's too proud to beg and too honest to steal. "He gets trusted."—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

A somewhat reckless youth who had enlisted for the war and had spent his time in camp in writing home for money finally sent this telegram as a "clinch": "Father—Leg shot off in sham battle. Send all funds you can." To this the old man replied: "Son—Don't know your number, but wooden leg goes to you by express. If it doesn't fit, get camp carpenter to plane it. Best love. All well here."—Atlanta Constitution.

A little girl four years old, says she knows what drawing is: "You just think something and then run a line around your think."

ROOT BEER BOTTLES

You can have good Root Beer if you use our self sealing Bottles—price 60 cents per dozen or case of 4 dozen for two dollars.

DEAN, FOSTER & CO., manufacture all kinds of Glass Bottles and Jars, 14 Blackstone St., Boston.

FARMERS
You can make money by selling using HOLLAND CERN Binders, used on every acre of Holland CERN. They are made less than string. Never wears out. Thousands of farmers are using them. Good profits. Get them today. Sample sent, mailed for 10c. THE CO., Box 25, Madison, N.Y.

Wide Tires Make Good Roads.
GOSHEN
LOW WAGON
WHEELS
has wide tires—35 to 40 in. Just see how it's made—layer upon layer of knifed tread—GOSHEN Wide Tires, covered shape, grain running from hub to tire. Look how it's riveted. Look at the broad tread—wide tires make good roads. KELLY PHOENIX CO., Clear brood, 92 1/2 St. Goshen, Ind. Circulars free.

"And did you see Edgah in camp? And what was he doing?" "Frying bacon." "What Edgah! And didn't you see him doing anything else?" "Yes, saw him holding an officer's horse." "Nothing else?" "I believe I saw him keeping the flies off a sick mule." "Dear, dear! Isn't war just horrid?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tommy: Come, Bridget, play with us. We're playing soldier. Bridget: G'wan yez little imp. Oi ain't no soldier. Tommy: No, Bridget, but you're a red cross nurse.—Harper's Bazar.

"Young man," said the elderly gentleman to the saucy small boy, "gray hairs should be respected." "That ain't what my sister says," replied the S. S. B. "She says they should be pulled out."—Harper's Bazar.

"Maude," he said, bashfully, "I am a silver man. I must tell you that." "What care I for your metal?" she cried. "As long as you are a Populist who can pop—and has popped—I am happy."—Harper's Bazar.

"Here, you've been telling me all along," said the bright faced young wife, "what a wonderful cook your mother was. And now Aunt Jane has just told me that your father was a chronic dyspeptic."

"Well, you see," the young husband murmured with a deep sigh, "mother learned by practicing on father."

"That's a queer name for a goat," remarked the inquisitive man; "why do you call him 'Nearby'?" "Because," replied the other man, "he is all butt."

Mattie: Were you ever in love? Helen: Yes, with myself. Mattie: Well, you never had any rivals to worry about, anyhow.—Exchange.

Helen; Young Dadeleigh reminds me of a chrysanthemum. Mattie: In what respect? Oh, he's nice to look at, but he hasn't a cent.

The other day I heard of a boy who was invited, with his mother out to dinner. At the table he sat some distance from his mother, and a lady next to him offered to help him. "Let me cut your steak for you," she said, "if I can cut it the way you like it." "Thank you," said the boy. "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you don't cut it the way I like it."—The Sunbeam.

"Is it true that I can't sing well," said the cat that had just swallowed the canary, "but I have a good deal of music in me, all the same."—Selected.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthy regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases.

LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DIZZY FEELINGS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By their ANTI-BILIOUS properties they stimulate the liver in the secretion of the bile and its discharge through the biliary ducts. These pills in doses from two to four will quickly regulate the action of the liver and free the patient from these disorders. One or two of Radway's Pills, taken daily by those subject to bilious pains and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

Price 25c. per Box. Sold by all Druggists.

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For Bass Point, 9.30 a.m., 12 m., 2.30, 5 p.m. Returns—10.30 a.m., 1.30, 4.15, 7.15 p.m. For Nahant, 9.30 a.m., 12.20, 5.40, 7.30 p.m. Return—10.45, 1.11 a.m., 4.25, 6.50 p.m. Sunday only. Except Saturdays.

Fare, 25c. Children, 15c. Take Ferry Cars. Special Rates to Parties. A. P. LANE, N. E. Agent, 201 Wash. St., Boston.

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A HEAD OF THE HANDSOMEST DUTCH BELTED CATTLE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Every animal registered. Most of them have taken first premiums at the State and County Fairs where they have been exhibited. The herd is composed of all sires and is in prime condition for exhibition purposes. If entered for competition at near-by State and County Fairs next autumn, the premiums the exhibitor would receive would repay the cost of the herd. Every animal well marked and registered. The Commissioners of the Essex County Fair have taken for pack purposes forty acres of the Locust Grove Farm, which constitutes a reduction of stock.

For full particulars, address MICHAEL ROSENEY, Manager Locust Grove Farm, Pleasantville (West Orange), N. J.

This celebrated herd of cattle was illustrated and described in this paper in issues of March 27th, April 10th and May 1st, 1897.

Apple Orchard. Wanted a snug place, with young trees preferred. Anyone having such to sell should consult J. A. WILLEY, 178 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON.

SITUATION AS BUTTERMAKER
Wanted by an American of seven years' experience with thorough knowledge of the whole business, including use of separator. Best of references. Address M. R. CURRIER, Holliston, Mass.

Tuttle's Elixir
cures cures, splints, colic, all lameness, contracted and knotted cords, callous of all kinds, scratches, and all similar troubles.

Tuttle's Family Elixir cures Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Pains, etc. Samples of either Elixir free for three 2-cent stamps for postage. Fifty cents buys either Elixir of any druggist, or it will be sent direct on receipt of price. Particulars free.

DR. S. A. TUTTLE, Sole Proprietor, 87 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass.

DR. S. A. TUTTLE:—Having used your Elixir for sore backs, colic, sprains and horse ail, I can recommend it to horse owners. H. M. YOUNG, Supt. Woonsocket St. R. Co.

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Illustrated with Over 60 Drawings by F. Oppel, the Greatest Comic Artist in New York.

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This book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America. The book takes off Follies, Flirtations, Low-necked Dressing, Dudes, Pug-dogs, Tobogganing, and all the extremes of fashionable dissipation, in the author's inimitable and mirth-provoking style.

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The Woman's Home Companion has no equal in the excellence of its special departments devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work, Housekeeping, Floriculture, Talks with Girls, Mothers' Chat, Home Adornment, Children, etc. Of the noted writers who will contribute their best work to the columns of the Companion during the coming year we have space to name only a few: Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, Josiah Allen's Wife, Opie Reed, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Julia Fingender, Hezekiah Butterworth, and many others. The Companion gives 24 to 32 pages, size 11 by 16 inches, each issue, printed on fine paper and put into a handsomely illustrated cover. Specimen copy free upon request.

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